

# Song For Joana

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My name is Joana, a young mother I,  
Please hearken my story how I came to die,  
I was suffocated by Carty the witch,  
So please do me justice, and needle the bitch.

She wanted my baby, so Carty recruited  
A gang to abduct me, that's not been refuted.  
They were after money, but she said: "That's bunk!"  
And tied up and gagged, I was stuffed in a trunk.

Two of the first gang had decided they couldn't  
Partake in the kidnap, and two others wouldn't  
Tape me up and gag me, the third man complied,  
But 'twas Linda Carty's sole fault that I died.

This cuddly grandmother who wouldn't melt butter  
All manner of murderous drivel did utter,  
And placing a plastic bag over my head  
Left me in the car boot until I was dead.

The gang members angry they had been deceived,  
Were offered a deal, and now Carty, aggrieved,  
Is trying to claim that the men cut this deal  
To frame poor old Linda and sink her appeal.

But don't be deceived by this lachrymose lady,  
Who schemed at my murder and kidnapped my baby,  
She may be both evil and sick in the head,  
But justice will be denied until she's dead.

Ignore what you read on Reprieve and Face-Book,  
This cute little granny was naught but a crook,  
And if Alexander's account you'd deny,  
Check out the Fifth Circuit – the facts do not lie.

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